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Large bronze cast
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AN

ACADEMY

FOR

GROWN HORSEMEN,

CONTAINING

THE COMPLETEST INSTRUCTIONS

FOR

WALKING,
TROTTING,
CANTERING,
GALLOPING,
STUMBLING, and
TUMBLING.

ILLUSTRATED

WITH COPPER PLATES, AND ADORNED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

By GEOFFREY GAMBADO, Esq;

RIDING MASTER, MASTER OF THE HORSE, AND GRAND EQUERRY TO THE DOGE OF VENICE.

"To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
"And witch the world with noble Horsemanship."

SHAKESPEARE.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM ALLEN, AT HIS MAP AND PRINT WARE-HOUSE, NO. 32, NEW BUILDINGS, DAME-STREET.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lord Viſcount TOWNSHEND,

GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,

And COLONEL *of the* QUEEN'S REGIMENT *of* DRAGOON GUARDS.

TO your Lordſhip, as commanding a regiment of cavalry, a Treatiſe of Horſemanſhip comes immediately in the line of your profeſſion; I therefore, humbly conceive, that conſideration alone would authoriſe me with propriety to requeſt your patronage and protection, for this my adopted foundling; to which petition I am further induced by the patriotic hopes of being uſeful to my country: for having with regret obſerved, that both your Lordſhip, and the corps under your command, if one may judge by appearances, are totally ignorant of the graces and ſuperior advantages attending Mr. Gambado's ſyſtem, I have flattered myſelf, that on a peruſal of it, you will not only adopt it yourſelf, but alſo uſe your intereſt to introduce it into the ſervice.—What might not be expected from the Britiſh Cavalry thus improved?

I might

I might here enter into a train of common-place compliments, and flouriſh away on the laurels your Lordſhip might by this means gather, in addition to thoſe already acquired; but I will not offend your delicacy: beſides, laurel is a tree not cultivated in theſe piping times of peace; I ſhall therefore conclude this epiſtle, with my ſincere wiſhes, that your Lordſhip may long, very long, in health and ſpirits, enjoy your BAYS.

I am,

With the greateſt Reſpect,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Moſt obedient

Humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

SEPTEMBER 1ſt, 1787.

The Editor has to lament that the first pages of our Author's work, are amongst those missing; but as the Author himself, in his Preface, seems to have arranged his string of instructions, the Editor thinks himself justified in placing those first that relate to the choice of a horse.

FRAGMENT

OF THE

AUTHOR's PREFACE.

THERE needs no apology for putting forth this little volume; there would, on the other hand, need many for withholding it from the publick. Philanthropy has induced me to make known to the world, the following rules; by obſerving which alone, Horſemanſhip may become a ſafe and pleaſing amuſement: and I doubt not, but every true judge of the noble art, will acknowledge the excellence of my inſtructions; and every true lover of it applaud my public ſpirit, in circulating them abroad for the benefit of mankind at large.

* * * * * * * *

I have had ſome difficulty in fixing upon a title for my work: A Vade Mecum is quite hacknied out: A School is become of late years, a term, entirely applied to comedies; and for *Every Man his own Horſeman*, an ingenious profeſſor in Dublin aſſured me, it was a bull.

I have therefore adopted Academy; I think it is happily choſen, properly expreſſive, and has, I think, been affixed to but one work of genius, *viz.* The Academy of Compliments, a publication, which, thanks to our preſent politeneſs, is now ſcarcely remembered.

The

The Academy for grown Horſemen, is a work that has coſt me much labour, and the application of ſome years, to complete. But when I conſider the vaſt utility it may be of to my fellow creatures; that they are to profit by it, and not myſelf:

"*Sic vos non vobis, fertis aratra boves:*"

I flatter myſelf I have not waſted the midnight oil in vain, "and I look with pleaſure on my book, giving it to the world with the ſatisfaction of a man who has endeavoured to deſerve well." May many be the necks it preſerves for nobler purpoſes!

❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

I am happy in having met with an artiſt, who has illuſtrated my ideas of horſemanſhip completely to my wiſhes, and I here beg leave thus publickly to acknowledge my obligations to him.

❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

As I ſhall be as conciſe and explicit as poſſible, in the valuable inſtructions and diſcoveries I am now about to communicate to the world; it will be the reader's own fault, if he does not profitably benefit by them. When I have told him how to chuſe a horſe, how to tackle him properly, in what ſort of dreſs to ride him, how to mount and manage him, how to ride him out, and above all, how to ride him home again; if he is not a complete horſeman in the courſe of ten or a dozen ſummers, I will be bold to foretell, that neither the ſkill of Mr. Aſtley, nor the experience of Mr. * John Gilpin, will ever make him one.

* * * * * *

"*Nil deſperandum, me duce Teucro.*"

* Mr. John Gilpin. The author mentions John, to diſtinguiſh him from William. Both theſe gentlemen are elegant and enlightened travellers, and have publiſhed each their tour:—John, his to Edmonton, in 1782;—William, his to Cumberland, in 1786.

THE

EDITOR to the READER.

IT is to the ſame propitious ſtars, which reſcued the creatures with the Craws from perdition, that we are indebted for the recovery of the fragments that compoſe this moſt invaluable work. Fortune indeed was moſt laviſh in her ſmiles upon the Editor, by throwing at once before his ſight, in an obſcure alehouſe near Limehouſe Hole, on their firſt landing, the moſt extraordinary bipeds that perhaps ever viſited this country; and to his much greater aſtoniſhment, ſome manuſcript ſheets of his unfortunate friend, Mr. Geoffrey Gambado.

On comparing notes (by ſigns) with theſe ultramarine beings, he concluded, and with much reaſon, that the above-mentioned ſheets were thrown over board by the author (in hopes mankind might yet profit by the recovery of ſome of them) at the moment the veſſel that contained him, was going to the bottom; which it is well known was the caſe, in the Gulph of Venice, a few days previous to the catching of the Craws; and in this ſurmiſe he ſoon found he was nearly right.

Two particular circumſtances muſt yet be noticed. The title-page ſtiles Mr. Gambado Maſter of the Horſe, Riding Maſter and Grand Equerry to the Doge of Venice; and ſo in truth he was appointed in the year of our Lord 1785.

Living in the habits of intimacy with him that the Editor did, he is competent not only to decide what his views were, but what were his ſentiments of the Equeſtrians of his own country, previous to his embarkation for Italy.

That he held in utter contempt the mode of riding commonly adopted in England, was obvious, from his never riding like any body elſe; and upon the Doge of Venice honouring him with the above appointments (and honorary it was ſuppoſed they were only meant to be) he was ſo elated, that he inſtantly packed up a portmanteau, bought two ſaddles, as many bridles, ſix pair of ſpatterdaſhes with ſpurs affixed, a large roll of diaculum plaiſter, two pair of patent ſtirrups, with his MS. works, (and providentially a few drawings from which the plates in this little volume are engraved;) and in a few hours put himſelf on board a veſſel for Trieſte, which ſailed immediately, and was loſt a few leagues from Raguſa. A ſailor (one of the few that eſcaped by putting himſelf in a fiſh-kettle, and tying it round his middle, having previouſly painted it * green) has informed the Editor, that he ſaw the laſt of Mr. Gambado; and his end was as ſingular as his life had been. The veſſel being expected to go to pieces every inſtant, he drank a quart of hot punch, and came coolly on the deck; and having firſt called up all the fortitude he was able, he next called up his ſervant with all the ſaddles and bridles that could be got; and having mounted himſelf on the largeſt, and taken a bridle in one hand, and a paper caſe in the other, deſired to be thrown into the ſea. This was complied with, but the informant adds, that the boatſwain being ſomewhat deſirous to ſave his life likewiſe, haſtily jumped up behind the unfortunate Gambado, and he apprehends that the ſaddle, although new and large, was not maſter of his additional weight, for it dropt with ſuch precipitancy as to throw our Author out of his ſeat, and his foot catching and hanging in the † ſtirrup, ſoon put an end to his mortal career. And it muſt be confeſſed that he made his exit *en parfait cavalier*; and an honour to his leather he was.‡ The boatſwain was ſaved by laying faſt hold on the crupper.

* It is imagined Mr. Lunardi has fallen in with this man.——*N. B.* Not into the Sea.

† His patent ſtirrups were probably packed up, or the Author would at leaſt, have had a ſwim for it.

‡ An honour to his Cloth—is applied to many a drunken Parſon; and I do not ſee why. To Geoffrey, Leather is more ſuitable.

The

The Editor (beſides the friendſhip he entertained for this great man,) cannot help thinking it is a thouſand pities, he ſhould have been loſt in ſo fooliſh a manner. But ſuch was his rapture at the honours conferred on him by the Doge, and ſuch his diſguſt for Britiſh horſemanſhip, that delicacy reſtrained his friends from acquainting him there was no ſuch thing as a horſe to be found in all Venice; and yet they have not a doubt, if he had been apprized of this circumſtance in time, he never would have embarked for that capital at all.

When the Craws were firſt picked up in their pleaſure-boat, it was obſerved they were all over white patches; upon examination it appeared that they were ſheets of paper artfully faſtened round them with ſtrings of ſea-weeds, and the ſailors, from the impulſe of curioſity, lifting ſome of them up, diſcovered hand-writing underneath. It ſhould ſeem that theſe modeſt creatures had undoubtedly picked up the papers floating on the ſurface of the ocean, and converted them to the ſame uſe our firſt parents did the fig leaves. This is however but a conjecture of the Editor; who certainly met with the fragments of his friend's intended book, in the ſame place where he firſt ſaw the Craws, and where he was told the circumſtance of their having worn them.

It is left to the deeper ſearchers into the wonders of nature (and who are now puzzling to reſolve from whence the ladies and gentleman now lodging at Mr. Becket's, the trunk-maker, in the Hay-market, can poſſibly come;) to determine whether the preſervation of the following ſheets, is owing to an innate modeſty in the creatures with monſtrous craws, or to their natural admiration for learning, and a wiſh to preſerve ſheets, although adorned with characters totally unknown, and unintelligible to them.

It was neceſſary for the Editor to explain how he came poſſeſſed of the few materials that compoſe this work. Having done this, he has only

only to add, that he has recovered a part only of the Author's preface, a few drawings, ſome notes, an anecdote or two, and about twenty pages of inſtructions to grown horſemen; but ſo broken and unconnected, that had he attempted the putting them together, he muſt have formed a book of his own: Having however, a thorough ſenſe of the ſuperior abilities of the original Author, he wiſhes rather to give them to the public in ſcraps as he received them, but arranged to the beſt of his ability. And he may be bold to add, that as *morçeaus* choice as theſe, would not fall every day into their mouths, were they to hold them inceſſantly open, the public will ſwallow them with avidity, and digeſt them, either immediately, or at their leiſure.

The notes that are preſerved, are written in a hand unknown to the Editor, and are evidently the remarks of ſome good-natured friend of Mr. Gambado. By the ingenuity of many of them, and their peculiarity of ſtile, they bear ſtrong marks of the maſterly pen that produced the annotation to the firſt editions of Mr. Bell's Shakeſpeare. The portrait of the Author, prefixed, is engraved from a drawing by another of his friends, done from memory; it is like, but a likeneſs that tinctures of the prejudice of friendſhip. Jeffery was not ſo ſlim, nor was his eye ſo poignant; nor was he ever known to be poſſeſſed of a pair of boots himſelf, though he often mentions boots in his writings.

Of late years, many portraits of celebrated men have been given to the public from memory: Mr. Maſon has favoured us with a moſt formidable likeneſs of Gray the Poet; another eminent writer has treated us with one of the noted Charles Price; and we are now furniſhed, with by no means, a ſmall reſemblance of Jeffery Gambado.

Of Jeffery, or as he himſelf deſired it to be wrote, Geoffrey Gambado, little is known of the deſcent: but that his father was a taylor,

taylor, he himſelf has aſſured me, and that he lived in Devonſhire is no leſs certain. Being a prodigious horſeman (his cuſtomers living all at a conſiderable diſtance from him) I make no doubt but it was in alluſion to him, that the term of "riding like a taylor" took its riſe. A term ſtill particularly applicable to the natives of that county.

The inhabitants of Yorkſhire and the vicinity of Newmarket may turn it into ridicule if they pleaſe, but it was meant as highly complimentary and honourable to that valuable body of men. Was not the flying highwayman a taylor? were not three parts of General Elliot's dragoons, taylors? and was not he who made that dangerous excurſion to Brentford, a taylor?

We are told in a preliminary advertiſement to the Tale of the Receſs, that "the breaks in the ſtory only tend to heighten the pathetic." A hope attends the editor, that the breaks in the enſuing work will only ſerve to give the reader a greater reliſh for what remains of it, and prevent the glut generally accompanying "too much of a good thing."

AN

ACADEMY

FOR

GROWN HORSEMEN.

THE World has been ſo long miſled by the falſe notions of Horſemanſhip adopted, and induſtriouſly circulated by Newcaſtle, La Foſſe, Pembroke and Berenger; ſo infatuated by the fantaſtick tricks of Sir Sidney Meadows, and ſo blinded by the airy coolneſs of a Percival and his imitators, that it may poſſibly prove a difficult taſk to convince any one perſon in this wrongheaded age, that the theory of the firſt mentioned gentlemen, and the practice of the latter, are entirely founded in error, and calculated merely to break the necks of his Majeſty's moſt faithful ſubjects.

I ſhall endeavour to prove, and I flatter myſelf to conviction: that the above mentioned authors are groſsly miſtaken in all their opinions upon the noble art and ſcience of horſemanſhip; that even their ideas of the proud animal himſelf are partial and ill-founded; that the French Parrocel, and the Flemiſh Wouvermans, drew ſuch horſes as never exiſted; and that when we do meet with a horſe, that in the leaſt reſembles their deſigns, he is bad and dangerous in the extreme.

It is a melancholy truth, that our breed of horſes is terribly degenerated, but indeed the national taſte is fallen off proportionably; nothing

nothing now is to be ſeen but bred horſes; every apprentice muſt beſtride a bit of blood. A bit of blood! and well may they be termed ſo, for neither fleſh nor bone have they to boaſt of.

* * * * * * * *

There is indeed one breed of horſes ſtill extant, which might, and indeed ought to, be brought into more play. I mean what is vulgarly called the dray horſe.* This, I profeſs, is a noble animal, and admirably calculated to make a figure either on the road, or in the field. Scarce one of them but is maſter of thirty ſtone or upwards. What a ſublime ſcene would it be, to ſee fourſcore or a hundred of theſe animals on the full ſtretch over a piece of wheat, to catch ſight of a hound! It would require the pen of Homer to deſcribe ſuch a ſpectacle.

On the road, what dangers do we incur from the weakneſs of our horſes! The pitiful ſpider-legged things of this age fly into a ditch with you, at the ſight of a pocket handkerchief, or the blowing of your noſe; whereas mount one of theſe, and the world cannot alter your route:—Meet a higler's cart, he will ſtop it, either with his own head or your leg; fall in with a hackney coach, and he will carry you ſlap daſh againſt it.

* * * * * As a purchaſer, it is immaterial whether you go to Tatterſall's, or Aldridge's, to Meynell's Hunt, or his Majeſty's, it is probable you will be taken in wherever you go. * * * *

* Or rather *dra*-horſe. The moſt uſeful animal in the creation, and reſpected by all antiquity. His name is immediately derived from the Greek verb δραω, i. e. *drao*, to do or to work; becauſe it was found that he could do more work than any other horſe. The vehicle drawn by him was alſo well known to the Greeks by the name of *dray*, or rather *dra*; and it was in this carriage, and not in a waggon, as is vulgarly ſuppoſed, that Theſpis carried his ſtage and actors. Hence the title of *dra*-ma and *dra*-matic, univerſally applied to all theatrical pieces. The Greek critics refer the invention of ſuch works to the Doric-tribes, becauſe this very word *drao* was peculiar to the Doric dialect. If this account be correct, thoſe tribes were alſo, without doubt, the firſt breeders of *dra-horſes*; an encomium of high value among a people who derived many honourable epithets, as well as proper names, from ſkill and zeal in breeding and managing horſes.

To define a perfect horſe is nearly impoſſible, and to tell you where to buy one, completely ſo. However, I ſhall endeavour to deſcribe ſuch outward beauties and active qualifications, as are requiſite to the compoſition of one; and ſhould ſuch a phœnix fall in your way (and the taſte of theſe times are ſo vilely perverted, I believe you have a better chance at preſent than you would have had ſome years back) I hope you will not let him ſlip through your fingers.

The heighth of a horſe is perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothing is more pleaſing to a traveller than the ſenſation of continually getting forward; whereas the riding a horſe of a contrary make, is like ſwarming the banniſters of a ſtair-caſe, when, though perhaps you really advance, you feel as if you were going backwards.

Let him carry his head low, that he may have an eye to the ground, and ſee the better where he ſteps.

The leſs he lifts his fore legs, the eaſier he will move for his rider, and he will likewiſe bruſh all the ſtones out of his way, which might otherwiſe throw him down. If he turns out his toes as well as he ſhould do, he will then diſperſe them to the right and the left, and not have the trouble of kicking the ſame ſtone a ſecond time.

A bald face, wall eyes, and white legs (if your horſe is not a grey one) is to be preferred: as, in the night, although you may ride againſt what you pleaſe, yourſelf: no one will ride againſt you.

His noſe cannot project too much from his neck, for by keeping a conſtant tight rein on him, you will then ſit as firm as if you were held on.

A horſe's ears cannot be too long: a judicious rider ſteers his courſe, by fixing his eyes between them. Were he cropt, and that as cloſe as we ſometimes ſee them now a days, in a duſky evening the rider might wander the lord knows where.

❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

I have found many perſons who have purchaſed horſes of me, very inquiſitive and troubleſome about their eyes; indeed as much ſo, as if their eyes were any way concerned in the action of the animal. As I know they are not, I give myſelf very little trouble about them. If a rider is in full poſſeſſion of his own, what his horſe has, is perfectly immaterial; having probably a bridle in his mouth to direct him where to go, and to lift him up with again, if he tumbles down. Any gentleman chuſing, indeed, to ride without a bridle, ſhould look pretty ſharp at a horſe's eyes before he buys him: be well ſatisfied with his method of going, be very certain that he is docile, and will ſtop ſhort with a * "Wohey," and after all, be rather ſcrupulous where he rides him. Let no man tell me that a blind horſe is not a match for one with the beſt of eyes, when it is ſo dark that he cannot ſee: and when he can, it is to be ſuppoſed the gentleman upon his back can, as well as he; and then, if he rides with a bridle, what has he to fear? I flatter myſelf, I have proved as clear as day, that eyes are of little conſequence; and as I am, no doubt, the firſt author that has made it known, my readers, if they loſe no time, may mount themſelves at Aldridge's or the Rhedarium, as well, and for half the money, they would have done, before I let them into this ſecret.

Be ſure to buy a broken knee'd horſe whenever he falls in your way: the beſt bit of fleſh that ever was croſſed will certainly come down one day or another; whereas one that has fallen (and ſcarified himſelf pretty much) never will again if he can help it.

* I have ſearched Chambers and Johnſon for this Wohey! but cannot find him. I do not recollect ſuch a word in all Shakeſpeare, and he dealt at large in the language. Neither is it to be met with in Maſter Bailey's delicate Collection of Provincialiſms. What is Wohey?

Spavins,

Spavins, ſplints, corns, mallenders, ſallenders, *&c. &c.* being all curable, are beneath your notice. A few of theſe little infirmities in your ſtable, is always a ſubject of converſation, and you may, perhaps, now and then want one; it will likewiſe juſtify you to your lady, in embelliſhing your bookcaſe with Bracken, Gibſon, Bartlett, and Griffiths; excellent authors in their way, and extremely uſeful! for you will have no occaſion to be ſending for an apothecary upon every trifling ailment in your family, but will know yourſelf how to make up a good ſtout and effectual doſe of phyſic for your wife or ſervants, in the gooſeberry ſeaſon, and at the fall of the leaf.

I would recommend a long tail, if it is to be had for love or money; if that is not to be got, buy a horſe with a rat tail, if poſſible; though inferior in point of convenience to the former, there is a *je ne ſçai quoi* of comicality about it, that inclines us to merriment whenever it makes its appearance. There is one inconvenience attending long tails in ſummer (when the poor animals have moſt need of them;) and that is, horſes full of graſs are very ſubject to ſcourings; in this caſe ride your horſe with his tail in a bag, or elſe he may annoy you.

Having deſcribed for my reader a horſe, and I hope he likes him, I would fain form as complete a horſeman, and having ſo done, my ambition would be gratified, my end anſwered, and I would never ride again myſelf, as long as I lived.

Few writers on this ſubject have thought it neceſſary to preſcribe any peculiar mode of dreſs to equeſtrians. I am ſuch a zealot about the propriety of their appearance, that I think too much cannot be ſaid on the ſubject. Heav'ns! how are the laws degraded

ſince

ſince the abolition of full bottoms * in our Courts of Juſtice: I attribute the encreaſe of thievery to it, and firmly believe, that ten men are hanged for every inch curtailed in a Judge's wig.

The Editor can only attribute the ſingularity of the ten or a dozen lines that follow, to their having been written *after dinner*; Mr. Gambado being fond of puſhing the bottle about briſkly. His annotator ſeems to think the ſame; indeed, if he was the author's friend, he was a very impartial one, for his criticiſms pretty often border on the ſevere.

Bias, I think it is, that obſerves, the *tout enſemble* ſhould be attended to in every thing; he judiciouſly remarks, that a beautiful woman ill-dreſt would be much better, undreſt; and he ſays much the ſame of rabbits and onions, but I forget how he brings that to bear. The clear headed reader will ſoon perceive I have an eye at *him*; and having provided him with a ſteed, I would wiſh to make his rider a match for him; for your rider is half the battle.†

Touching the apparel then, I will begin at top. Wear a wig, if poſſible, and ſhould you be a ſportſman, and hunt

* He might have added, how are our Ladies improved by the adoption of them.

† Was ever ſo much abſurdity crammed into ſo few lines! Our author could not be, ipſe, he, when he wrote this! Bias, talk French! O cœlum in terra! and be judge of a Lady's dreſs too! and underſtand cookery likewiſe! Why, Mr. Gambado, you really endow him with more talents than fell to the lot of the admirable Crichton; and you forget, do you, how he brings that to bear? and ſo do I too, upon my word. As to your having an eye at the reader, I don't believe it: like our honeſt friend Homer, I fancy, this was *your* time, to have been put to bed.

Half the battle, how vulgar! Our immortal bard, as they call him, in his higheſt vagaries never was *ſo low as this!*

the

the * foreſt, the larger and whiter it is, the ſafer for you: for ſhould your horſe prove, what is properly termed too many for you, and make off, nothing but the ſingularity of your appearance can reſtore you to your diſconſolate family.† The hallooing and hooting of the boys that this will occaſion, will enable your friends to trace you through moſt of the villages you may have paſt; and at the worſt to know, in what part of the country to have you cried.

I never admired a round hat, but with a large wig, it is inſupportable; and in truth, a moſt puerile ornament for the head of a ſober man. In windy weather you are blinded with it; and the ingenious artiſt I have employed to decorate this work with his deſigns, has very forcibly pourtrayed the inconvenience, and even danger of a hat of this ſort, to a man of buſineſs. ‡ By a man of buſineſs is not meant a Lord of the Treaſury or a Commiſſioner of Accounts, but what is called on the road, a rider, a bag-man or bagſter.

A cock'd hat, beſides this advantage over its competitor, and the dignity it gives to the moſt unhappy countenance, has ſo many others, that it is wonderful to me, it is not univerſally worn, but more particularly by equeſtrians. If in windy weather, you are blinded, in rainy, you are deluged by a round hat; whereas one properly cock'd, will retain the water till you arrive at your baiting place, and keep your head (which riding may have heated) agreeably cool; having much the ſame effect on it, that a pan of water has upon a flower pot.

Let your boots be ſomewhat ſhort, and the knees of your breeches but juſt reach the joint, ſo that the flap of your ſaddle (and obſerve a

* The ſtag hunt in Epping Foreſt on Eaſter Monday is ſuppoſed to be the moſt ſtriking and ſuperb chaſe in Europe. To this, the author probably alludes.

† The author is here philanthropically amiable; and if the reſtoring a long loſt huſband to the arms of his ſpouſe, has any claim to public reward, we ſhould not grudge it a moment to his white wig, whilſt we are laviſhingly beſtowing it on uſeleſs quackeries.

‡ Would it be a very bold aſſertion to hazard, that, by a Lord of the Treaſury or a Commiſſioner of Accounts is not meant *a Man* of Buſineſs? perhaps not.

ſingle flapped ſaddle is the genteeleſt) may be continually curling up, and chafing you between the confines of the boots and breeches, by which means, you will be ſatisfied that your leg is in a proper poſition.

Much of the author's friendly advice, as to dreſs, is wanting; but the editor recollects he was a warm advocate for the riding in black pluſh breeches in ſummer: and ever recommended a coat of pompadour or ſome conſpicuous colour, for the ſame obvious reaſon, that he thought a large wig of ſuch moment.

You may wear ſpurs, if you are not afraid; and the exerciſing them a good deal, will keep your blood in proper circulation, and prevent your toes from being cold.

Be very careful to ſpur your horſe in the ſhoulders only; there he has moſt feeling, becauſe he has moſt veins; beſides, by ſpurring at his body, five times in ſix, your labour is loſt; if you are a ſhort man, you ſpur the ſaddle cloth; if you are leggy you never touch him at all, and if middling, you only wear out your own girths, without your horſe being a bit the better for it.

Elegance of poſition is to be conſidered as particularly eſſential to every gentleman that appears on horſeback in publick. And I ſhall endeavour to point out, what moſt immediately conſtitutes it.

The mode of leaning the body pretty forward over the pommel of the ſaddle, in a walk or a trot, has been too little in practiſe of late years,

years, and it is high time it ſhould be revived. There is an appearance of airineſs in it, that embelliſhes the figure of a rider very much indeed; particularly, if he be mounted on a long backed horſe, who throws his ſaddle well forward, and is unencumbered with a crupper: here, he exhibits an elegant picture of careleſs indifference, and ſeems, contemptuouſly, to leave all the world behind him.

By the bye, I have obſerved many a worthy citizen ſent on a Sunday into Hyde Park, cruppered up as tight as need be: but be very ſhy of a crupper, gentle reader, if your horſe naturally throws his ſaddle forward. It will certainly make his tail ſore, ſet him a kicking, and very likely bring you into trouble. *Experto crede.*

If then, you bend your body well forward, your rump ſticking properly out behind, with your legs projected, I ſhall have hopes of you; you cannot, I think fail, of ſoon equalling my moſt ſanguine expectations; and, after having attained this excellence, (an excellence, let me tell you, arrived at but by few, and thoſe, men of the firſt knowledge and ſcience, ſuch as the Fellows of Colleges, the Liverymen of London, or, perhaps the crew of a man of war) I would adviſe you, without delay, to attempt another ſtep towards equeſtrian perfection; that is, on riding either eaſtward or weſtward, to make your toes point due north and ſouth, or vice verſa.

Thus your ſpurs may be brought into play, with little or no exertion; and thus, in turning ſharp round a poſt, your horſe may be prevented from hurting himſelf by running againſt it.*

The ſtanding up in your ſtirrups, whilſt trotting, in the above poſition, has a moſt elegant and genteel effect; and I would have you make an eſſay to accompliſh it, no doubt you will ſucceed, if you have the genius I take you to have.

* More Philanthropy.

A horſe

A horſe has various methods of getting rid of his man; at preſent, I will only advert to one. If your horſe tumbles down with you, he will ſometimes get up again, and ſhould you not do the ſame in concert with him, and your foot remain in the ſtirrup, he may probably extend your airing whilſt you remain in that aukward poſition; and however deſirous you may be to remain behind, on you muſt go, during his pleaſure. Now, of all the ways of conveyance that I have had a taſte of, this is the leaſt agreeable; if it ſhould be the ſame to you, provide yourſelf with a pair of patent ſtirrups; with them, your attachment to your horſe may be as ſhort as you pleaſe; they have done wonders; can I ſay more? I am happy in being able to bear teſtimony of their aſtoniſhing efficacy in the caſe of a friend of mine, the Rev. Mr. C——, A. M. when of Pembroke College, Cambridge; by tranſcribing his own words at the concluſion of an advertiſement, he inſerted in all the papers addreſſed to the patentee. Having purchaſed a pair of his ſtirrups, and falling, one afternoon, as he was accuſtomed, from his horſe, he ſays "but thanks to providence, and your noble invention, *my leg* and *your ſtirrup* coming off at the ſame inſtant, I eſcaped unhurt." To what a pitch of perfection is human ingenuity arrived!

* * * * * *

The being able to guide a horſe, is a matter of ſome moment on the road, though it may not be ſo any where elſe; and I would adviſe you always to ride with a laſh whip; it ſhews the ſportſman, and will aſſiſt you much in your ſteerage. If your horſe bears too much to the right, of courſe you drop the reins entirely on that ſide, and pull them up ſharp with both hands, on the other; but if that does not anſwer, you muſt refer to your whip, and a good ſmart cut over his right cheek and eye, will ſoon ſet him ſtraight again. This is the mode you will ſee adopted by every judicious

judicious pig-driver,* and I am told, that a pig is eſteemed by judges, to be far more averſe to direct progreſſion, than a horſe.

Lucan informs us, that the Maſſilians † rode without bridles, and guided their horſes with a ſwitch:

" Et gens quæ nudo reſidens Maſſilia dorſo
" Ora levi flectit, frœnorum neſcia virga."

LUC.

" Without a bridle on the bare back,"
" Make with a ſtick their horſe or mare tack."

Virgil ſays the ſame of the Numidians:

" Et Numidæ infreni cingunt."

ÆN. 4.

" See Numidians, on horſes unbridled approach."

Good riding this; but as to the ſwitch, I'll maintain it, that a whole or a half hunter ‡ would be more efficacious; and as to the riding, good as it is, if Julius Cæſar did not cut out both Maſſilians

* A very *in*-judicious remark this: were a pig to be driven in a hard and ſharp, or a Weymouth, and a horſe in a packthread tied to his hind leg, it is a matter of doubt with me, whether the latter would drive ſo handy as the former. As pigs now can play at cards as well as horſes, I think it is but fair to ſuppoſe them capable of dancing a minuet with equal activity and grace: whatever Mr. Aſtley may alledge to the contrary. The author is very hard upon pigs.

† Our author ſeems fond of a bit of foreign language, his Latin, I ſuppoſe, he was ſupplied with by the parſon of the pariſh; his French, I know, he got from his father's journeyman, who (according to the old man's own phraſe) was taught to *diſlocate* coats at Paris. The Maſſilians are here lugged in, for the ſake of the Latin verſes, or to cry down the uſe of bridles; but, as I am one of thoſe gentlemen, who had rather ride *with* a bridle, than *without* one; and, as he muſt ranſack the blackguard claſſicks for ſcraps of quotations, I will meet him, and as Sir Sampſon Legend ſays in the play, " Try whether my blackguard or his ſhall get the better of the day."

" Equi ſine frœnis, deformis ipſe curſus rigidâ cervice, et extento capite, currentium."——LIVY, B. 7.

‡ Whips, ſo denominated.

and Numidians I'll be d—d ;* and the reader will agree with me, when I produce my authority for his horſemanſhip, which is no leſs a character than Montaigne.

" On dit de Cæſar, qu'en ſa jeuneſſe, monte a dos ſur un cheval et ſans bride, il lui faiſoit prendre carriere les mains tournèes derniere le dos."†

It is extremely wrong to put a gentleman on a reſtive horſe,‡ when he is going out on buſineſs, or invited to dinner in the neighbourhood. In the firſt inſtance, if a man is not punctual, his credit is lowered; and making an apology for his horſe will ſeldom be admitted; nor will any one make allowances for a gueſt, if his horſe has ſtopt and turned round five thouſand times with him, in five hundred yards, ſhould the turtle be ſpoiled, or the veniſon over-roaſted.

In ſuch caſes, gentle reader, I ſhould diſmount and walk; but if you are averſe to that, and you find that the beaſt will not go forward, let him have his whim, and go backwards, only take care to point his head the wrong way, § he will carry you pleaſant enough ſo; but you muſt keep your own head well employed over both ſhoulders, or it may not anſwer at laſt.

Be provided with a horſe block, it is a fine aſſiſtant in mounting, and I am amazed any gentleman ſhould be without one. The only danger I know attending it, is, that in your eagerneſs to mount, you

* Hey day! a new method this of laying down the law. If you go on thus, Mr. Author, the law will take you up in return; and it will coſt you ſome ſhillings before you come to the end of your book.

† " It is ſaid of Cæſar, that in his youth, being mounted on a horſe's bare back, and without a bridle, he could make him perform his paces with his hands behind him."—MONTAIGNE.

‡ A ſtrange epithet this, and I wonder who coined it; tell me of a ruſty horſe, and I ſhall know what it means, for I know what ruſty locks are and ruſty weather-cocks.

§ I clearly ſee the author's meaning here; if he travels backwards, and the nag's head was the *right* way, he would never get his dinner, and it muſt be *wrong* not to go when invited.—Recte, Domine.

may,

may, by over-exerting yourſelf, loſe your equipoiſe, and pitch upon your head on the off ſide of your horſe. This has frequently happened to a friend of mine; but if you are cool and temperate, you will take your ſeat with eaſe and convenience. By mounting thus, you avoid all danger of being kicked, or bit which is more likely: as if you are a ſhort man, by ſtretching out your toe, to get it ſufficiently into the ſtirrup, you are very apt to tickle your horſe under the elbow, and he will then infallibly attack you in the rear with his teeth. Beſides this manifeſt advantage in a horſeblock, it is a pretty airy ornament to the front of a houſe, and moreover, ſhews that the maſter of it, is a horſeman; which, let me tell you, every man that lives by the road ſide is not. A horſe is ſometimes ſhy of theſe blocks; if yours ſhould be ſo, talk to him a little, ſcratch his noſe, and uſe ſome gentle endearing method or other; and I believe the beſt of all is, to bid your foot boy, who leads him up to it, give him two or three ſmart kicks in the belly on the off ſide.

You are now mounted, and no doubt, anxious to ſet off: here then, obſerve my advice.

Before ever your horſe gets into motion, clap both your ſpurs into him pretty ſharp: this will ſet him a going for the whole day, and ſhew him you have ſpurs on, which, if he did not know, he might incline to be idle. I do not think there can be a more approved mode of ſetting off than this is, but I muſt caution you, that the ſurprize will generally cauſe your horſe to break wind, and with a pretty ſmart exploſion too:* Let not this ruffle you;† many a worthy man has loſt his ſeat by ſo ſudden an alarm: but uſe will ſoon reconcile you to it, as it does the riſing of a covey of birds to a young ſportſman. Thus, then, you go off with eclat, provided

* Indecent in a high degree.

† This is the ſecond time the Author talks of a *worthy* man; poſſibly he means a man worth a good deal of money, alluding to our cockneys. But he ſhould be more explicit when he treats on ſo ſerious a ſubject. Worthy, or unworthy, a man ſhould not loſe his life for a fore tail or a f—t.

nothing

nothing is in your horſe's way, and if there is, you have put him ſo on his mettle, he will probably leap over it. Indeed, it is far from improbable, that he may run away with you, but if he does, you will make a moſt ſpirited appearance, as my ingenious elucidator ſhews you in the annexed plate.

When a man is once well run away with, the firſt thing that occurs to him, I imagine, is how to ſtop his horſe; but men by no means agree in their modes of bringing this matter about. Some will run him at a ditch, which I allow to be a promiſing experiment, if he leaps ill or not at all. Frenchmen, (and the French are excellent horſemen) will ride againſt one another; no bad way either: and I have ſeen riders make directly for a ſtable (if a door happens to be open) and with good effect. How Julius Cæſar ſtopped his horſe, when he rode with his hands behind him, I am at a loſs to divine.

I remember ſeeing an ingenious Frenchman make four experiments upon Newmarket Heath, in only one of which he ſucceeded. His horſe made away with him whilſt Gimcrack was running a match, and the Count's hopes of ſtopping him being but ſmall, he contrived to turn him acroſs the courſe, and rode ſlap-daſh at Gimcrack, hoping to effect it by a broadſide; but he was too quick for him, and he miſſed his aim. He then made full at Lord March, but unluckily only took him ſlanting: baffled in this ſecond attempt, he relied on the Devil's ditch, as a certain check to his career; but his horſe carried him clean over, ſafe and well: and had not the rubbing-houſe preſented itſelf to his view, he aſſured me, he believed he ſhould have ſoon reached London; daſhing at this, with a true French ſpirit, he produced the deſired effect; his horſe, not being able to proceed, ſtopped, and that ſo ſuddenly, that the Earl of Pembroke himſelf would have been diſlodged, and old Newcaſtle lain with his mother Earth. The Count, it is true, came off, but tolerably well; the horſe broke his head, and the Count likewiſe; ſo that according to the ancient opinion of two negatives making an affirmative, little or no harm was done.

Having

Having ſaid thus much on the ſubject of being run away with, it is neceſſary I ſhould decide, for the benefit of my readers, on the means I moſt approve of for putting a ſtop to ſuch doings; and I am clearly for the ſtable door; if, entering it full ſpeed, you ſhould be afraid of your head, ſpread out your legs ſufficiently, and your horſe will go in without you.

In riding on the road, obſerve in paſſing a whiſky, a phaeton or a ſtage coach, in ſhort any carriage where the driver ſits on the right hand, to paſs it on that ſide, he may not ſee you on the other, and though you may meet with a laſh in the eye, what is the loſs of an eye to a leg or perhaps a neck?

Should a man on horſeback be on the road, and leading another horſe, always daſh by the led one, you might otherwiſe ſet the man's horſe capering, and perhaps throw him off; and you can get but a kick or two by obſerving my inſtructions.

Take care never to throw your horſe down, it is an unlucky trick and fit only for boys. Many gentlemen of my acquaintance, and I too, have been thrown down by our horſes; yet I ſcarce know an inſtance upon record of a gentleman throwing his horſe down, but many have complained to me of their ſervants doing it for them.

In paſſing a waggon or any tremendous equipage, ſhould it run pretty near a bank, and there be but a ditch, and an open country on its other ſide, if you are on buſineſs and in a hurry, daſh up the bank without heſitation; for ſhould you take the other ſide, and your horſe ſhy at the carriage, you may be carried many hundred yards out of your road; whereas by a little effort of courage, you need only graze the wheel, fly up the bank, and by ſlipping or tumbling down into the road again, go little or nothing out of your way.

I have given you the above hints, ſuppoſing you are now at home enough on horſeback, to ride out alone, and may poſſibly be tempted

to travel the road ; as either the lucre of gain, or *the univerſal paſſion*, as a celebrated author calls the love of fame, may ſend you forth.

Let me entreat you to examine your tackling well at ſetting out, particularly from an inn, and after dinner: ſee that your girths are tight; many a good fall have I got by not attending to this. Hoſtlers are too apt to be careleſs, and ought never to be paid till we ſee them the next time.* An inſtance of a ſingular nature occurred at Huntingdon a few years ſince to the Rev. D. B. of Jeſus College in Cambridge; which has given a diſcovery to the world (productive indeed of a paper war) but which may turn out beneficial to mankind, as it proves 3 to be equal to 4. The Doctor dined at the Crown, it was duſk when he ſet out northwards: I myſelf ſaw 3s. charged in his bill for wine; this accounts for his want of obſervation; for the hoſtler's, I muſt attribute it to his having been paid beforehand. The Doctor went off at a ſpurt, pretty much in the manner I have recommended, and having got clear of the pavement, wiſhed to (what is called) mend his pace; but his horſe was obdurate, and all his influence could not prevail. The Doctor fancied, at times, he went oddly, and therefore brought to, at Alconbury, five miles from Huntingdon, and alighted for an examination: when he diſcovered that the hoſtler, through inattention, had buckled up one of the horſe's hind legs in the ſurcingle: and to this alone he had to attribute his hobbling way of going.

* A learned dancing maſter in the univerſity of Oxford, who taught politeneſs alſo, and publiſhed a book upon that ſubject, fixed the ſame period for paſſing a ſtile, in ſome caſes, that is here judiciouſly recommended for the payment of an hoſtler: his precept was, that a well bred man meeting another, on the oppoſite ſide of a ſtile, ought on no account to be perſuaded to go over firſt. The name of this ingenious author was Towle. Had two zealous pupils of his ſchool met each other at a ſtile, it is ſuppoſed they muſt have concluded their lives on the premiſes. Unleſs the author had ſubjoined to his work that uſeful calendar, in which, as the poet conjectures, ſuch periods are aſcertained.

——— ——— To-morrow—
It is a Period no where to be found,
In all the hoary regiſters of Time:
Except perchance in the Fool's Calendar.

It is a pity that ſo deſirable an addition has been omitted by the Author of this treatiſe alſo.

There

There was an * hoſtler at Barnet, who was a moraliſt; poſſibly this at Huntingdon was an experimental philoſopher, and thought an old member of the Univerſity the propereſt ſubject to put his experiment in execution. It certainly anſwered, as far as five miles; but how it would ſucceed in bringing horſes of different forms, together, over Newmarket, I am not competent to determine. It ſeems as if one might work a lame horſe thus, and keep his unſound leg quiet. If this experiment has been repeated, it has been in private, for I have not heard of it; and I much queſtion, if it would ever be generally adopted; when I ſay generally, no reflection upon general officers. A timid Major however, might keep his horſe in due ſubjection on a review day, by this method.

If I have much varied from the inſtructions laid down by my fellow countrymen in the art of horſemanſhip, it is poſſibly in my recommending the ſhoulder as the proper place to apply the ſpurs to. In this, I am ſupported by no leſs a man than Virgil; and your Romans excelled us as much in riding as they did in fighting. Virgil was an eye witneſs, and could not err, and a man of veracity, and would not lye: he tells us the exact ſeat of a Roman Dragoon, and very ſimilar it is to that of our own heavy Dragoons.

" Seu ſpumantis equi, foderet calcaribus armos."

Find me a Schoolmaſter hardened enough to deny, that *armos* ſignifies the ſhoulders, and nothing elſe! Had the Duke of Newcaſtle or Mr. Angelo underſtood a word of Latin, they could not have lived ſo long in error; and perſevered in preſcribing a ſeat on horſeback, ſo uncertain and tickliſh as they have done.

The publication of this work however, will doubtleſs have its effect; nor do I much deſpair of finding many judges (of riding I mean)

* James Ripley, many years, and till very lately, hoſtler at the Red Lion, publiſhed a Volume of Letters.

coäleſce in ſentiment with me; or of the ſeat I recommend, being pretty univerſally adopted. For as the Poet ſays, (I forget where I have met with this line)

"Serius aut citius ſedem properamus ad unam."*

I flatter myſelf with the hope, of ſtill ſeeing in Hyde Park, a grand diſplay of my ſyſtem of equiſtation; and not a Sunday ſlide by, without beholding ſome promiſing elevê,

——— Fearful to be late,
Scour the new road, and daſh thro' Groſvenor Gate;
Anxious and fearful too his ſteed to ſhew;
The proud Bucephalus of Rotten Row;
Careleſs he ſeems, yet vigilantly ſly
Woo's the ſtray glance of ladies paſſing by;
Whilſt his left heel, inſidiouſly aſide,
Provokes the caper that he ſeems to chide."

The Editor is extremely ſorry to inform the reader, that not a line more was found upon the monſtrous Craws; but he hopes his friend's abilities appear ſufficiently conſpicuous, by what remains of this inſtructive work.

* Very indelicate indeed this quotation.

F I N I S.

H. Bunbury Esq.r Del.t

P. Burg.y Sculp.t

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